



Tuesday Noon Series: UTNMF – Canadian Art Song Showcase

Songs of the Living World: Music of Nature, Loss, and Tranquility

Featuring singers and instrumentalists from the Faculty of Music.

The Tuesday Noon Series is made possible in part by a generous gift from Dianne W. Henderson.

Tuesday, January 27, 2026, at 12:10 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Silver

Eve Channell, *soprano*; Hasselhoff Chen, *cello*; Julia Hrejla, *piano* Pari Bahrami

Six Haiku

- I.
- II.
- III.
- IV.
- V.
- VI.

Henry Paterson, *baritone*; Joyce Zheng, *piano*

Vivian Fung*

Charlie Sadler, *baritone*; Joyce Zheng, *piano*

Novembre

Charis Li, *soprano*; Nathaniel Kulin, *baritone*; Hayden Thomas, *piano* Ernest Lavigne

Kosh Khofti

Théa Nappert, *soprano*; Azzy Lin, *piano*

Rasa Ghaedi

Swift and Sure the Swallow (Songs of Childhood)

Wen-Shan Wang, *soprano*; Ginger Lam, *piano*

Vivian Fung

Crown of Bones

May Sadan, *soprano*; Victoria Chan, *soprano*; Adrian Tsui, *piano*

Elienna Wong

Lullaby II (Songs of Childhood)

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years, it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit indigenous.utoronto.ca to learn more.

Claire Jun, <i>soprano</i> ; Cooper Pearson, <i>piano</i>	Vivian Fung
<i>Take Me To A Green Isle</i>	
Varuni Papade, <i>soprano</i> ; Therèse Benoza, <i>piano</i>	Walter MacNutt
<i>Je ne regarderai ni l'or</i> (Demain dès l'aube)	
Mia Paunovic, <i>mezzo-soprano</i> ; Amy Lee, <i>piano</i>	Justin Lapierre
<i>Lullaby I</i> (Songs of Childhood)	
Kaaren Mastache-Martinez, <i>soprano</i> ; YuLing Chen, <i>piano</i>	Vivian Fung

* Vivian Fung is the 2026 Roger D. Moore Distinguished Visitor in Composition.

This event is made possible in part by a grant from the National Association of Teachers of Singing.

UPCOMING EVENTS:

Tuesday Noon Series:

Exploratory Year, Music Education, and Interdisciplinary Music Studies in Performance

Feb. 3, 12:10 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

Gospel Choir: A Celebration of Black History Through Music—Lecture & Lecture-Recital

Feb. 5, 6:30–8:00 pm & 8:00–9:00 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

Gospel Choir: A Celebration of Black History Through Music

Feb. 7, 7:30 pm | Lyric Theatre, 5040 Yonge St.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Silver | Pari Bahrami

Text by Walter de la Mare

Slowly silently now the moon walks the night in her silver shoon
Slowly the moon walks the night in her silver shoon
This way and that she peers and sees silver fruit apon silver trees
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thach
Couched in his kennel like a log
With paws of silver sleeps the dog
From their shadowy cote the white breasts sleep of doves in a silver feathered sleep
A harvest mouse goes scampering by a harvest mouse goes scampering by
With silver claws and silver eye with silver claws
From their shadowy cote the white breasts sleep of doves in a silver feathered sleep
A moveless fish in the water gleam by silver reeds in a silver stream
This way and that she peers and sees silver fruit apon silver trees
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thach
Slowly

Six Haiku | Vivian Fung

I. Ware to kite
asobe ya oya no
nai suzume

II. Oki yo oki yo
waga tomo ni sen
neru kochō

III. Shizukasa ya
iwa ni shimiiru
semi no koe

IV. Mizu no tsuki
mondori utte
nagarekeri

V. Sono koe de
hitotsu odore yo
naku kawazu

VI. Botan saite
Atari ni hana no
Naki gotoshi

I. Come with me and play,
Motherless,
fatherless sparrow

— Issa

II. Wake up wake up
Sleepy b butterfly
Come let us be friends!

— Bashō

III. The stillness-
voices of the cicadas
Penetrate the rocks

— Bashō

IV. Moon in the water
Turned a pirouette
And floated away

— Ryōta

V. With that voice
Come, give me a little dance,
Croaking frog

— Issa

VI. When the peonies bloomed,
all the other flowers
Seemed to vanish

— Kiitsu

Novembre | Ernest Lavigne

by Narcisse-Henri-Édouard Faucher de Saint-Maurice

Novembre étend sur nos campagnes
Son manteau chargé de frimas
Et sur le flanc de nos montagnes
L'orme blanchit sous le verglas

Soyez rêveuses jeunes filles
Ce mois vous dit où vous courez:
Regardez ces vertes charmillles
Elles passent vous passerez

Là-bas, dans les bois pas une aile
N'abrite les doux nids d'oiseaux,
L'on ne voit plus que la sarcelle,
Errante encor, sous les roseaux

Bientôt elle aussi du grand fleuve
quittera les talus glacés;
Comme elle enfants aux jours d'épreuve,
Vous aussi vous nous quitterez

November casts over our countryside
Its mantle laden with frost
And on the slopes of our mountains
The elm tree whitens under the ice

Be wistful, young girls
This month shows you where you are bound:
Look at those green arbors
They fade, so will you

Over there, in the woods, not a wing
Shelters the sweet birds' nests,
All that can be seen is the teal,
Still wandering beneath the reeds

Soon it too will leave the great river
And its icy banks;
Like it, children, in times of trial,
You too will leave us

Kosh Khofti | Rasa Ghaedi

by Rumi

Dooshine marā gozāshti khosh khofti
Dooshine khosh khofti
Emshab be daghal be har sooi miyofti
Be har sooi miyofti
Goftam ke marā tā be ghiyāmat
be ghiyāmat
mā joftim koo ān sokhani ke vaghte masti gofti?
koo ān? koo ān?
koo ān ke vaghte masti gofti? koo ān ke gofti?

Last night you left me and slept on your own
Last night on your own
Tonight you are all over the place
I said
That you will be my partner
until the end of the world
Where are those words you said to me
when you were drunk?

Swift and Sure the Swallow (Songs of Childhood) | Vivian Fung

by Christina Rossetti

Swift and sure the swallow,
Slow and sure the snail
Slow and sure may miss his way
Swift and sure may fail

Crown of Bones | Elienna Wong

Text 1: 己亥岁感事

【唐】曹松

泽国江山入战争图，
生民如计乐樵苏。
凭君莫话封侯事，
一将功成万骨枯。

Text 2 : Bleuet

by Guillaume Apollinaire

Jeune homme
De vingt ans
Qui as vu des choses si affreuses
Que penses-tu des hommes de ton enfance

Tu connais la bravoure et la ruse

Tu as vu la mort en face plus de cent fois
Tu ne sais pas ce que c'est que la vie

Transmets ton intrépidité
À ceux qui viendront
Après toi
Jeune homme
Tu es joyeux ta mémoire est ensanglantée
Ton âme est rouge aussi
De joie
Tu as absorbé la vie de ceux qui sont morts près
de toi

Tu as de la décision
Il est 17 heures et tu saurais
Mourir
Sinon mieux que tes aînés
Du moins plus pieusement
Car tu connais mieux la mort que la vie
Ô douceur d'autrefois
Lenteur immémoriale

A reflection on the year of Jǐhài
Cao Song 【Tang Dynasty】

Our home is battleground.
No place to live, no place to farm.
What honour is there in thy crown,
If millions perish for every battle won.

Rookie

English translation by Richard Stokes

Young man
Of twenty,
You who have seen such horrible things,
What do you think of the men from your childhood?

You know what bravery is and cunning

You have faced death more than a hundred times
You do not know what life is

Hand down your fearlessness
To those who shall come
After you
Young man
You are joyous your memory is steeped in blood
Your soul is red also
With joy
You have absorbed the life of those who died
beside you

You are resolute
It is 1700 hrs and you would know
How to die
If not better than your elders
At least with greater piety
For you are better acquainted with death than life
Oh sweetness of bygone days
Slow-moving beyond all memory

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

Lullaby II (Songs of Childhood) | Vivian Fung

Text by Christina Rossetti

Love me-I love you
Love me, my baby
Sing it high, sing it low
Sing it as may be.

Mother's arms under you
Her eyes above you
Sing it high, sing it low
Love me, i love you

Take Me To A Green Isle | Walter MacNutt

by H. E. Foster

Take me to a green isle
Lay me softly there
Where dew is on the roses
And peace is in the air

The white of creeping breakers
The sand of rich, fine gold
Singing fountains playing
To ease my heart so cold

Take me to a green isle
Lay me softly there
Where dew is on the roses
And peace is in the air

Je ne regarderai ni l'or (Demain dès l'aube) | Justin Lapierre

by Victor Hugo

Je ne regarderai ni l'or du soir qui tombe,
Ni les voiles au loin descendant vers Harfleur,
Et, quand j'arriverai, je mettrai sur ta tombe
Un bouquet de houx vert et de bruyère en fleur.

I will watch neither the evening gold fall,
Nor the faraway sailboats descending upon
Harfleur.
And when I arrive, I will put on your grave
A bouquet of green holly and heather in bloom.

Lullaby I (Songs of Childhood) | Vivian Fung

Text by Christina Rossetti

Lie-a-bed
Sleepy head
Shut up eyes, bo-beep
Till daybreak
Never wake
Baby, sleep

